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WITH a fine disregard of merit, possible only to a national paper, the *Times* prints, with easy impartiality, the lucubrations of the Poet Laureate and the stirring verses of Mr. Kipling. In "The Young Queen," which filled two-thirds of a column last Thursday, Mr. Kipling is not at his best; but the verses come at the psychological moment, and, although not to be compared with "The English Flag," have vigour and intuition. The poem takes the form of a dialogue between the new Commonwealth of Australia (the Young Queen) and the Mother Country.

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still  
on her heel—  
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:  
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and  
browed,  
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to  
be crowned.

The Young Queen came to the Old Queen's presence  
"in the Hall of One Thousand Years," crying "Crown  
me, my mother!"

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous  
circlet prest,  
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the  
gold of the West.

When the Young Queen "asked for a mother's blessing  
on the excellent years to be," the Old Queen apostrophising her as "daughter no more but sister," makes reply:

"I have swayed troublous councils—I am wise in terrible  
things—  
Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of  
the Kings.  
Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom  
above?  
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love:  
Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,  
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house—  
God requite thee, my Sister, through the strenuous years  
to be,  
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

To us the poem seems in parts a little too reminiscent of  
"Dagonet." The *Daily Chronicle*, a journal not often  
given to phrases, finds the first stanza we have quoted  
"crammed with the somewhat hypertrophied muscularity  
of the uncrowned laureate."

PROFESSOR DOWDEN's proposal that the opening of the  
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whole expense would amount to less than £2,000 a volume  
of the size of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and  
suggests that a company should be formed to produce the  
work.

WRITERS of all shades of political opinion will welcome  
the election of Mr. Henry Norman for South [Wolver-  
hampton. Mr. Norman is author, journalist, traveller,  
and a good speaker. For some years he was assistant  
editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and director of the literary  
page of that journal. He is also an active and useful  
member of the Council of the Society of Authors. Mrs.  
Norman has also travelled much, and those who know her  
able and interesting novels regret that she should write so  
little. *The Crook of the Bough* was one of the best stories  
of 1898.

MR. GILBERT PARKER is now Member for Gravesend.  
We hope his election does not mean that he purposes  
forsaking fiction, for he writes a good tale in a good style.  
It would almost seem that his latest book, published on  
the day following his election, *The Lane that Had No Turning*,  
supported the deduction; for it contains no fewer than  
twenty-six short stories and sketches gleaned from the well-  
harvested levels of the Pontiac mine.

THE *British Weekly*, a journal not addicted to wild state-  
ments, prints the following: "It is now reported, with  
a formidable appearance of authority, that the most widely  
circulated of our newspapers, or rather its proprietors, are  
to buy our oldest and greatest journal."

*Munsey's Magazine*, it is said, has the largest circulation  
of any magazine in America. The editor is not a shy man.  
On the cover of his October issue he prints the following,  
on red paper, a fac-simile of his own handwriting: "This  
number of *Munsey's Magazine* comes pretty close to my idea  
of what a modern magazine should be. I regard it, as  
a whole, as the best number we have ever issued.—FRANK  
A. MUNSEY."

THE great American nation has gone on reading fiction  
steadily since we last wrote. We open the *American  
Bookman*: we turn to the "best selling books" during the  
month, and we read:

1. The Reign of Law. Allen.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston.
5. Voice of the People. Glasgow.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington.

Only two out of the six are English—Mr. Harland's and  
Mrs. Glasgow's.

THE inhabitants of New Haven, Conn., would seem to  
have a more varied taste. Here is the *New Haven*,  
Conn., list:

1. Elizabeth and Her German Garden.
2. Senator North. Atherton.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland.
4. The Reign of Law. Allen.
5. The Flower of the Flock. Norris.
6. China, the Long-Lived Empire. Scidmore.



A CHELTENHAM correspondent writes: "It is welcome news to T. E. B.-lovers to know of the *Life and Letters*, and the hope of possessing the poems so long out of print. I met Brown first last year, and was almost intoxicated by his overpowering masculinity. The following lines, written in the first rush of admiration, are in the metre of his poem called 'The Exile':"

To T. E. BROWN.

In hotly rushing gratefulness of soul  
I ask you, Poet Brown,  
From far Olympian heights look down,  
And listen to a mortal,  
Still baffled here and barred without Jove's portal,  
While you a crown  
Of laurel incorruptible are wearing,  
And at the gods are staring.  
I want to say the gratefulness I feel  
For lines like ocean-breezes,  
Whose freshness heals the heart's diseases;  
For lines you write so strongly,  
In spite of shock we cannot take you wrongly—  
Their daring pleasures;  
Ringing we hear them echoed through the air,  
The world is fair! is fair!  
And the deep founts of hidden feeling,  
Beneath your master-touch  
The swelling sorrow stifled over-much  
Forth from the darkness breaks,  
And blessed tears relieve the heart that aches;  
Your power is such,  
The rock you strike, like Moses, with your rod,  
Yields waters from the wells of God.  
We see 'the ephod of the unseen altar,'  
Thou standest now confessed,  
In priestly raiment dressed;  
An 'Exile' now no more. The gates  
Of Heaven are passed, and thou hast found thy mates.  
The Father's breast  
Receives the Son who here did understand  
The speech of that great land."

MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S new romance, "Chloris of the Island," which has run through the *Graphic* this year, will be published this month here and in America by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Owing to an unfortunate accident the American edition has gone to press without correction by the author. It is hoped that the second edition will embody all the necessary alterations.

LAST week we wrote of two amateur Kentish magazines. To-day, also out of Kent, comes a third magazine, called *The Tulip*. It is published by Martin Klingender, at Shortlands, and it is a large square magazine of poetry, sketches, and wood-engravings, printed on one side of the page only, and "got up" with creditable care. With the contents we are not much struck. Some of the engravings pass our understanding. "A Church Tower" on page 11 is not like a church tower, nor like any other building; it is not beautiful; it is an engraved blot with a few meaningless lines added. The same is true of "The Cathedral," in which two objects, purporting to be spires, rise above a mass of blackness, purporting to be foliage. The coloured engravings are better, but they are only eccentric derivatives of eccentric models. We are not hostile to amateur magazines—they are signs of life; but with the amateur magazine without merit we have small patience.

On the authority of a newspaper, we spoke last week of the *Elf* as a magazine of the past. We are glad to hear that the *Elf* is still a magazine of the future. It is not discontinued.

The *Dome* now appears quarterly, in triple numbers; thus, the new volume contains the numbers for May,

June, and July. It is an interesting budget of esoteric writing and wood-engraving. Mr. W. B. Yeats has an article on "The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry," in which he claims great things for Shelley that are hidden from ordinary minds: Mr. Yeats believes, for Shelley as for himself, that "the imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can ever know." We cannot here summarise Mr. Yeats's conception of Shelley's philosophy of intellectual beauty, but we will quote his concluding paragraph for its own sake.

I have re-read his *Prometheus Unbound* for the first time for many years, in the woods of Drim-da-rod, among the Ech Tge hills, and sometimes I have looked towards Slieve-nan-Orr, where the country people say the last battle of the world shall be fought till the third day, when a priest shall lift a chalice, and the thousand years of peace begin. And I think this mysterious song utters a faith as simple and as ancient as the faith of those country people, in a form suited to a new age, that will understand, with Blake, that the holy spirit is "an intellectual fountain," and that the kinds and degrees of beauty are the images of its authority.

A WRITER in the October *Lippincott* tells one or two stories of James Russell Lowell's "faculty of perpetrating puns redeemed from reproach by their impish ingenuity and unexpectedness." The three examples he gives are certainly amusing:

Coming into his class-room one day, he announced to his students that wings were being added to the ugliest house in Cambridge, "and," he continued devoutly, "I hope they will fly away with it."

Again, after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays, he concluded with the remark: "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first King of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

At the time Prof. Horsford believed he had successfully identified Norumbega—the place where the Norsemen are said to have first landed in America—with Cambridge, and there was much talk regarding his supposed discovery and the monument he erected to signalise it, a club was being started in the town, and two questions concerning it were awakening animated discussion—what the name should be, and whether it should dispense spirituous liquors. "Why not solve both questions at once," said Mr. Lowell, "and call it the 'No rum begar!'"

MR. F. R. BENSON'S company will produce at the "Comedy" the following eight plays, beginning on December 19 next: "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (part 2), "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," or "Coriolanus."

In the Philadelphia *Conservator* we find the following report of a conversation between Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller, to which the writer, Mr. Leon Mead, was privileged to listen. The conversation took place in Whitman's rooms at Mrs. Moffit's caravansary, in Bulfinch-place, Boston. There Joaquin Miller and Mr. Mead had called in a casual way, and after the greetings, and the introduction of Mr. Mead to Whitman, the conversation ran as follows:

*Whitman*: I'm real glad you dropped in, Miller, old fellow. Why, you're looking as fresh as a ruby. Getting fat, too. The waters of the Pierian spring agree with you.

*Miller*: You old rogue, Whitman, I'd give the planet Jupiter, if I owned it, in exchange for your physique, your white mane and god-like brow. Well, how are you, anyway?

*Whitman*: You find me in linen fresh this morning, yet wet as water. I'm in a good old-fashioned perspiration—

a luxury I was afraid I'd not get in Boston. Do you know, a man who never sweats is generally a hard-fisted, miserable kind of a fellow. I never had any sympathy with a dry-skinned man. He will turn coward if you give him the slightest provocation. By the way, I went out to Concord yesterday to see Emerson.

Miller: Indeed; how is the darling old man?

Whitman: Pretty feeble. Yes, I stayed to luncheon with him and we had a mighty sociable time. He took me for a walk through his garden and grounds. Occasionally a fitful gleam of his former self would creep into his eyes, when some reference was made to his old friends who have passed away. His memory is quite treacherous. He began several stories that he had to leave unfinished—he was sure to forget the salient point.

Miller: That is very sad. By the way, the other day I put in a couple of hours with Longfellow.

Whitman: I want to know!

Miller: We had a square you-tell-me-and-I'll-tell-you talk about American poets and we agree tremendously. Your name was mentioned.

Whitman: Was it?

Miller: And we raked you over the coals for quite a time.

Whitman: Well, now, Miller, candidly, what does Longfellow think of me? Honest Indian?

Miller: He told me he considered you a genius.

Whitman: No!

Miller: Yes, and moreover he said that you are not only a bright particular star but a fixed planet of the first magnitude. He said you are a broader poet than the whole lot. He likes you, Walt.

Whitman: Now, you don't know how that pleases me, Joaquin. I always had an idea that Longfellow didn't care a rap for me. God bless him! [At this point tears were visible in the speaker's eyes.] Do you think he meant it all?

Miller: Most assuredly he did. He referred to your "Song of Myself" as a deep, esoteric gem. He expressed the regret that you are not more generally understood and appreciated.

Whitman: I have tried all my life to write for the masses.

Miller: Old boy, you and I are over the heads of the rabble. We stand on an eminence of our own making, and look down when we wish to see the world. In a word, we know we are great, and if other people don't know it, it is their own fault.

THE Bashkirtseff-Maupassant letters are begun and ended in this week's *Gentlewoman*, forming the final chapter in the series of Marie Bashkirtseff's diaries and letters which are to be published under the title, *The Story of a Woman's Soul*. The most interesting thing in this correspondence is Marie Bashkirtseff's frank account to Maupassant of the effect produced on her mind by a re-reading of his works:

I have profited, sir, by the leisure of Holy Week to re-read your complete works. You are a gay dog, incontestably. I had never read you *en bloc* and right off. The impression is, therefore, fresh, and that impression . . . It is enough to turn all my pupils inside out and to upset all the convents of Christendom. As for myself, who am not at all bashful, I am confounded—yes, sir, confounded—by this intense preoccupation of yours with the sentiment that M. Alexandre Dumas fils named Love. It will become a monomania, and that will be regrettable, for you are richly dowered and your peasant tales are well sketched. I know that you have done a *Life*, and that this book is stamped with a great feeling of disgust, sadness, and discouragement. This feeling, which leads one to pardon the other thing, appears from time to time in your writings, and leads people to believe that you are a superior being who suffers from life. It is this that cuts me to the heart. But this whining is, I fear, only an echo of Flaubert.

In fact, we are brave simpletons, and you are a good *farceur* (do you see the advantage of not knowing one another?) with your solitude and your beings with long hair. . . . Love—it is still with that word that one gets

hold of the whole world. Oh, la! la! Gil Blas, where art thou? It was after reading one of your articles that I read the *Attaque du Moulin*. It was like entering a magnificent and fragrant forest where birds sang. "Never did larger peace fall upon a happier spot."

That is very interesting, as is the whole of this brief correspondence. But every sentence sighs for its native French.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's biography of Oliver Cromwell is brought to an end this month in the *Century Magazine*. It has been divided into twelve papers and forty-two chapters. Mr. Morley ends on this temperate estimate of Cromwell's personality:

It has been called a common error of our day to ascribe far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men, of rulers, and of governments. The reproach is just and should impress us. The momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears, the new things learned in "novel spheres of thought"—all have more to do with the progress of human affairs than the deliberate views of even the most determined and far-sighted of our individual leaders. Thirty years after the death of the Protector a more successful revolution came about. The law was made more just, the tribunals were purified, the press began to enjoy a freedom for which Milton had made a glorious appeal, but which Cromwell had dared not concede, the rights of conscience received at least a partial recognition. Yet the Declaration of Right and the Toleration Act issued from a stream of ideas and maxims, aims and methods, that were not Puritan. New tributaries had already swollen the volume and changed the currents of that broad confluence of manners, morals, government, belief, on whose breast Time guides the voyages of mankind. The age of rationalism, with its bright lights and sobering shadows, had begun. Some ninety years after 1688 another revolution followed in the England across the Atlantic; and the gulf between Cromwell and Jefferson is measure of the vast distance that the minds of men had travelled. With the death of Cromwell the brief life of Puritan theocracy in England expired. It was a phase of a movement that left an inheritance of some noble thoughts, the memory of a brave struggle for human freedom, and a procession of strong and capacious master spirits, with Milton and Cromwell at their head. Political ends miscarry, and the revolutionary leader treads a path of fire. It is our true wisdom to learn how to combine sane and equitable historic verdicts with a just value for those eternal qualities of high endeavour, on which, amid all changes of fashion, formula, direction, the world's best hopes depend.

WE could hardly desire a better account of Fenimore Cooper than that which Mr. Mowbray Morris has prefixed to the new edition of *The Last of the Mohicans*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just added to their series of standard novels. We will quote two salient passages against and for Cooper's achievement:

What we call style—I do not mean the gibberish which too often goes by that name now, but the art of using the right words in the right places—may come by instinct, or may be laboriously acquired. It certainly did not come by instinct to Cooper, and as certainly he gave no pains to acquire it. Perhaps no writer who has ever made a lasting name for himself wears his faults so plainly on the surface as Cooper. It is idle to look in his pages for any of those qualities which, if the newspapers are to be believed, go to the making of a literary reputation to-day, but which may possibly tend less surely to its preservation; we shall find in them no elaborate analysis of character, no juggling with words, no niceties, and assuredly no nastinesses, of dialogue. And it must be added also that we miss in them many things which they would be the better for; his few attempts to be humorous are woeful; passion is as foreign to him as sentiment, and, to do him justice, though, unfortunately for him and for his readers, he must occasionally try the latter, from the former he rigor-



ously and wisely abstains; his writing is almost always careless, often slovenly, and of his plots he is as careless as of his grammar. But what Cooper could do no man has ever done better.

And now for Cooper's achievement:

In drawing Nature he certainly showed some of the finest qualities of the artist. He never overloads his picture with details; nothing is wasted, and nothing is forgotten. But it is in what he leaves to the imagination even more than what he brings before the eye that the secret of his power lies. The pleasure of the pathless woods, the rapture of the lonely shore, the silence of the starry sky, all the mystery and magic of the primeval world—one has to go to the poets to find fit words for the impression left on the mind by these haunting scenes. What wonder if in the majestic presence of Nature the figure of Man should seem at moments small, his movements ungainly, and his language mean?

The edition, we may add, is capably illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock.

THE following epigram appears in the *American Bookman*:

TO JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The "Reign of Law"—  
Well, Allen, you're lucky;  
It's the first time it ever  
Rained law in Kentucky.

## Bibliographical.

I SEE an American firm promises the *Complete Works* of Mr. T. B. Aldrich in seven volumes. They will be complete, of course, up to date. It is only three years since Mr. Aldrich's *Complete Works* appeared in eight volumes. His *Poems and Novels* were issued in six volumes in 1885, which year also saw the issue of his *Poetical Works*. It is always, I think, foolish to advertise the *Complete Works* of an author who is still alive, and likely to add to the number of his writings. To what extent Mr. Aldrich is known and appreciated in England it is difficult to say. His literary output ought to be familiar here, for during the past twenty years some twenty of his publications (including the collections named above) have been circulated in this country. I suppose we may assume that most reading people have made acquaintance with his *Marjorie Daw*, his *Prudence Palfry*, his *Stillwater Tragedy*, his *Story of a Bad Boy*, if not with his *Sister's Tragedy*, his *Judith and Holofernes*, his *Later Lyrics*. My first acquaintance with his poetical work was, I remember, due to the good offices of a living English poet, who praised him warmly.

The American firm to which I refer also announce *The Complete Works*, in seven volumes, of Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, another Transatlantic worthy, who, however, has always stuck to prose. He is known in these islands as the writer of *Short Studies of American Authors*, of a *Young Folks* (and a *Larger*) *History of the United States*, of monographs on Margaret Ossoli and Wendell Phillips, of a book of Reminiscences of *Contemporaries*, and of various volumes of essays and tales, of the former of which the most widely-spread, apparently, are *Common Sense about Women*, *Women and Men*, *Book and Heart*, *The Procession of the Flowers*, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, and so forth. Only last year three of Mr. Higginson's books were issued in England; yet how many English people can place their hands upon their hearts and assert positively that they ever heard of Mr. Higginson, much less ever came across his publications? And yet, obviously, Mr. Higginson must have his admirers; else why take the trouble to publish him in Great Britain?

We are to have a new volume of poems (*The Finding of*

*the Book*) from the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, now in his seventy-sixth year. It will be welcome to many. The general level of Dr. Alexander's poetical products is not, perhaps, particularly high, but occasionally he is very felicitous in phrase. I am thinking especially of his elegy on Matthew Arnold, which is admirable both as poetry and as criticism. Dr. Alexander published a volume of verse in 1886, having made his poetical debut as far back as 1853 with his "Installation Ode." Curiously enough, he has been followed in the see of Derry and Raphoe by a brother poet, the Right Rev. Dr. Chadwick, who also announces for publication shortly a book of verse, chiefly sacred.

Unless I am very much mistaken, a well-known *littérateur* has been described as having in preparation, for a certain series of biographical monographs, a little book on Mr. Thomas Hardy. Now we are told that Sir George Douglas has in the press a volume on the same interesting subject. One wonders how Mr. Hardy himself feels about it. It is just six years since two books about him appeared in successive months. The year was 1894, and in October came *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, by Mr. Lionel Johnson, and in November, the *Thomas Hardy* of Miss Annie Macdonell (assistant editor of the *Bookman*, and daughter of the James Macdonell of whom Dr. Robertson Nicoll has been the biographer). Even Mr. George Meredith has not suffered quite so much in this way as Mr. Hardy, though he has had his trials.

Mr. Henry Attwell has always been fond of compiling books of *Thoughts* by this person and that person, and his latest achievement in that way will have John Ruskin's works for its material. There can be no great objection to this, for the *Ruskin Birthday Book* dates back to 1883, and the *Selections from John Ruskin* to 1893. In this particular department Ruskinism seems not to have been overdone. Anyway, one can "enthusse" more over such a compilation than over a "Birthday Book" of thoughts by the author of *Isabel Carnaby*. This is promised us, and it will contain a concentrated extract of wit and humour derived not only from *Isabel* but from the other two masterpieces by Miss Fowler.

A correspondent reminds me that I did not include in my last week's list of books on Oliver Cromwell the recent work of Mr. Firth. It was because Mr. Firth's book was so recent, and therefore so obvious, that I did not mention it. I see, by the way, that a forthcoming volume of verse will include *Cromwell: a Dramatic Poem*. There seems no end or limit to the interest excited by the "Great Protector." Matthew Arnold made him the subject of his Newdigate Prize poem in 1843; and here we are—at it again, in 1900!

Mr. Du Chaillu once wrote a book which he called *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. He now announces one which he has entitled *The Land of the Long Night*. It was only the other day that we were reading Mr. Cook's *Through the First Antarctic Night*. And, all the time, one has been unable to forget that Mrs. Lynn Linton was the authoress of a novel which she christened *Through the Long Night*. A little bit confusing, is it not?

To his forthcoming book, *The Bystander*, Mr. Ashby Sterry has given the sub-title of "Leaves for the Lazy." He seems fond of the last-named word—his book of verse is called *The Lazy Minstrel*. And yet there never was, perhaps, a minstrel less lazy than Mr. Ashby Sterry, who is known to be one of the most industrious of penmen.

Last week a literary contemporary included in its list of current fiction the *Non Sequitur* of Miss M. E. Coleridge. It so happens that that book is of essays all compact; but then Miss Coleridge's reputation, hitherto, has been that of a novelist: hence the blunder.

Messrs. Gay & Bird are to give us what is likely to be a curiosity in its way—namely, an edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler* "in modern English" [*sic*]. This will deserve study.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Still to be Written.

*Samuel Richardson: a Biographical and Critical Study.* By Clara Linklater Thomson. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

"RICHARDSON'S life," says Mr. Birrell, "admirable as is Mrs. Barbauld's sketch, cannot be said to have been written." Richardson shares with Steele the affront of omission from the *English Men of Letters* series, and in his case the omission has not been remedied by inclusion in the series of *Eminent Writers*. Nor has any such exhaustive biography of him as Mr. Aiken's *Life of Steele* ever appeared. Miss Thomson has now published a volume of 291 pages, of which seventy-six are devoted to the biography of Richardson, forty-three to an account of his friends, twenty-two to "the development of the novel," and 152 to accounts and criticism of Richardson's work. Now in the matter of criticism Richardson has already been dealt with in a most illuminating manner by Mr. Henley, Mr. Traill, Mr. Birrell, and Mrs. Oliphant. But of the material left by himself, the mass of correspondence lying in the library at South Kensington—of which Mrs. Barbauld's six volumes are but a selection—none of these critics appear to have made use. There the letters lie, their ink yellowing, their excellent greyish paper cut into gaps where seals have been excised, some of them endorsed in the neat and legible handwriting for whose badness Richardson so often and so unnecessarily apologises, some copied by one or other of his daughters in the small, pointed, young lady's hand of a hundred and fifty years ago, all full of interests, hopes, and customs that have died. Surely there was room for at least another, if not a larger, selection than Mrs. Barbauld's—room for a biography in more than seventy-six pages. The flutter of forgotten love affairs, the little airs of Miss Highmore upon the cheerfulness of Mr. Duncombe in her absence, the singing of Miss Mulso, the conflagration of a lady's curl-papers, the wine-growing enterprises—at Plaistow, of all places!—of the too sanguine Aaron Hill, whom Pope so unjustly included in the *Dunciad*, the epistolary coquetries of the sprightly Lady Bradshaigh, the rather fulsome compliments of Mrs. Chapone the elder, the difficulty of conveying, per carrier, hares and hams and sage-cheeses—all these lie enshrined in the volumes of Mrs. Barbauld and the MSS. at South Kensington. It is a whole picture of life in an upper middle-class circle, touching, on one side, bishops, ladies of title, and the Speaker of the House of Commons; on the other, printers, poor dependents, and City tradesfolk. Many of the persons with whom Richardson corresponded enjoyed in their own day a more or less deserved eminence, and of his nearer intimates all seem to have been refined, intelligent, cultivated, and of high principle. From these old letters rises the perfume of a life singularly honourable, industrious, liberal, and benevolent, a little formal, perhaps, a little enclosed, though full of interests, a life as blameless as was ever lived by any citizen of London from the days of Whittington downwards. This perfume, it must be said with regret, is not preserved in Miss Thomson's volume. She is everywhere careful and painstaking; she has evidently gone to the authorities at first-hand; but she never makes us feel the pulse of life, still less the warmth of Richardson's delightful kindness. We look in vain for any of those flashes of sympathetic comprehension which make Mrs. Barbauld's pages still alive: "The fault of his mind was rather that he was too much occupied with himself than that he had too high an opinion of his talents." "He loved to complain, but who that suffers from disorders that affect the very springs of life and happiness does not?" From Miss Thomson's pages we should never guess that Richardson was a man pre-eminently lovable, still less that he was one who saw the

full humour of a joke against himself. She actually quotes with a shade of reprehension his smiling account of how a certain master-carpenter, whom he had sent for to be scolded for delays, managed to make the unconscious Mrs. Richardson compliment him on his speed, whereby the husband was made to appear unreasonable, "and the wife, who knew nothing at all of the matter, went off at her honest man's expense with the character of a very reasonable, courteous, good sort of woman." In short, Miss Thomson seems rather to have set herself to write about a man not sufficiently known than to write because she feels the charm which Richardson exercises over some of us who read our *Clarissa Harlowe* and our *Sir Charles Grandison*, not once in a lifetime, but once every year or two, and to whom even Miss Byron's "correcting" Uncle Selby is a person as real—and in the circle of the initiated as often quoted—as Sam Weller. Like other human beings, Richardson must be loved to be understood, and a biographer who loved him should be able to see, for instance, something other than mere jealousy in his disapproval of Fielding, and to believe, with Mr. Birrell, that he might have hated "Fielding's boisterous drunkards" almost as much if their creator had "not been a rival of his fame."

The critical examination by which so large a part of the book is occupied is, to speak frankly, the criticism of the ordinary reader. It never touches the how and why, never flashes into that glow of enthusiasm which makes Mr. Henley's couple of pages about *Clarissa* almost lyric, never gives even the impression of a genuine enjoyment. To explain or understand Richardson's work it is necessary to realise the two stages of its composition. He first laid out a general—very general—outline, the essence of which was some plain moral; then he proceeded to write without any further fixed plan, and being (whether he knew it or not) a realist of the deepest dye, made his people such as they must have been in order to bring about the given situation. In *Pamela*, for instance, the aim was to show "virtue rewarded" in the person of a young woman who, by resisting her master's efforts at seduction, brings him to marry her. No doubt the virtuous young woman was also designed to be sympathetic. Unfortunately the two aims are incompatible. It is essential to the plan that the marriage should be regarded by the heroine as a reward; and the woman who regards it as a reward to marry a man who has used every kind of endeavour to possess her without marriage can only be even pardonable on the ground that she was wildly in love with him. If her love had been strong enough to outweigh her sense of his faults she would have fallen a victim to him; on the other hand, her sense of his faults being stronger, she forfeits our sympathy by consenting to marry him. We ought not to complain of *Pamela* for being what she is, rather we ought to admire the art which makes her the only sort of person to whom the story could have happened. Why, then, it may be asked, choose that story to write? And to that question the most ardent of Richardsonians can but answer with a sigh, Why, indeed?

*Clarissa Harlowe* stands on a different plane. It is one of the great things of the world—great both because of absolute originality, and great also because of achievement. Moreover, though nothing in Miss Thomson's account of it would lead her readers to think so, it is one of the most engrossing books that was ever written. To Richardson its persons were as much alive as any of those to whom he spoke and wrote. He quoted the words of *Clarissa* as he might have quoted the words of Miss "Hecky" Mulso; his correspondents understood him, and felt with him; but too many later readers see nothing in his attitude deeper or more subtle than vanity. Too many of them, too, following Sir Walter Scott, cry out upon the story as impossible, and talk of *Clarissa*'s foolishness in failing to appeal to that active police magistrate, Mr. Henry Fielding. Mr. Henry Fielding himself, when he wrote about the

book in his own paper, made no such complaint; nor, apparently, did any contemporary critic. The truth is that *Clarissa* was not, as Miss Thomson calls her, a woman of independent character; she was only a woman of absolutely immovable principle. In matters where she had not principle for a clear guide she was undecided, and she had by nature and habit neither enterprise nor initiative—qualities, indeed, much discouraged by the education of a young lady in her day. It should be remembered that until the fatal 10th of April, when she was deluded—as a woman of independent character or indeed of wider experience never would have been—into going away with *Lovelace*, she had never walked alone, never travelled alone, never decided any important matter without permission.

The character of *Lovelace* appears to Miss Thomson impossible: "a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities that could not possibly co-exist in the same person. There is, of course, much that is absurd in this conception, much that must strike any reader with a sense of humour as irresistibly comic." We might make similar observations—as an earlier critic has happily pointed out—about *Iago*. *Lovelace*, like *Iago*, remains, in spite of them, one of the great living figures of literature. "Is there anything better than *Lovelace* in the whole range of fiction?" says Mr. Henley; "*Lovelace*, so immeasurably the highest achievement of the author's genius," said Mr. Traill. *Lovelace*, indeed, is that very rare person in fiction—a seducer who is seductive. He need only be compared with any of the fine gentlemen of the early comedy, with the *Lothario* upon whom some persons have supposed him founded, or with the ruffianly Mr. B. of *Pamela*. What avails it to say that he does not exist as long as we feel that he does?

Dr. Jowett, it appears, said that *Sir Charles Grandison* was the longest of novels and one of the best. If he had said one of the most agreeable he would have touched the mark precisely. It has all the pleasantness of a fine and spacious old country house where everything proceeds methodically, where there is always room enough, and never any hurry. As for *Sir Charles* himself, he is, considering how every person and every circumstance conspire to spoil him, an amazingly pleasant, good-tempered, sensible young man. His fault is really that, like *Tom Jones*, he has not a spark of imagination. Here again *Richardson* is faithful to the exigencies of his scheme, for no young man with a spark of imagination could arrive at the age of six-and-twenty without having ever deviated by a hair's-breadth from the line of propriety. Moreover, only a man without imagination, or a man with an excess of imagination, could manage to be so evenly in love with two ladies at the same time. *Clementina* is a heroine of a somewhat obsolete pattern, who probably receives less than justice from the modern reader; but even the modern reader cannot but remark how, without a word said on the subject, *Clementina* is always on a slightly higher social plane than *Harriet*. The effect is so subtle, so delicate, so complete, that Mr. Henry James himself could not have given it more perfectly.

Finally, will this latest volume help to make *Richardson* better known? Will it bring fresh readers to *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*? Will it in any measure call to life the persons buried in the many volumes of correspondence? Alas! it appears sadly improbable; for in it both the man and the work assume an aspect of stiffness, hardness, and formality—an air of the old-fashioned "superior person"—which is particularly unattractive to contemporary readers, and which, like a portrait by an unskilled artist, has at the same time a horrible likeness to the original. As we lay down the book Mr. Birrell's words come back to us. No; *Richardson's* life cannot be said to have been written.

### A Group of Perfect Worldlings.

*The Pageantry of Life*. By Charles Whibley. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

We do not quarrel with Mr. Whibley for what he is not. We are grateful for what he is—a critic with brains. He has no enthusiasms; he abhors rhetoric; romance never creeps into his page; sentiment is alien to him, although when it goes with truth he is quick to seize its import, as when he quotes the dying speech of the courtier "young Weston," killed in youth to satisfy "the dour temper of the corpulent monster" Henry VIII.: young Weston, detailing his debts, remembered one "to a poorer woman at the Tennes play for bawles I cannot tell howe much." But Mr. Whibley's passionless prose rarely touches the sensibility; rather, it titillates the intellect. He has his subject always well in hand, methodically he pursues his way (relieving it now and again by swift probings that find the truth), artless on the surface, but, in reality, the result of a fine artifice. Those who know their *Pepys* will appreciate the intelligence of the following criticism. It occurs in one of the papers in this volume on "The Real *Pepys*":

Even his good resolutions are made but to be broken. "I have made an oath," says he one day, "for the drinking of no wine, &c., on such penalties till I have passed my accounts and cleared all." And in a week he confesses that he has broken his oath "without pleasure." "Without pleasure"—that is the one phrase in the book that one is persuaded to mistrust. For the first and last time *Pepys* seems to be posing, to be cutting an antic before a mirror. Had he said the wine was bad, you had understood him. But were the wine good, you know that, oath or no oath, *Pepys* would have delighted in it.

We like, too, Mr. Whibley's grave and impersonal seriousness about trifles. He never, to use an expressive vulgarity, "gives himself away." No imp of a second self ever peeps out to laugh at his elder brother, the way of many humorists. Having chosen his subject, Mr. Whibley treats it with the respect a devotee gives to his creed. Is there not something magnificent about such sentences as the following, which occur in his picture of *George Brummel*:

The cravat of *Brummel* was the envy of crowned heads, yet nothing could have been more simple.

Starched cravats and varnished boots might seem to be within the reach of all men; yet in these accomplishments *Brummel* was without a rival. His cravat was perfect because he touched it with his own magic fingers.

1835 was his *Waterloo*. In that year he was arrested, and, worse still, obliged to dress before the police. This might have seemed the last insult to anyone who had never revealed the secrets of his toilet to any save his own Prince Regent.

This volume might have been called "A Group of Perfect Worldlings." It consists of an Introduction, and studies of nine men, such as *Sir Kenelm Digby*, *Pepys*, *Saint Simon*, *Beckford*, and *Barbey D'Aureville*, who devoted themselves, "with that perfect consistency which marks only the greatest men," to the unique cultivation of themselves. Not the least interesting of the nine studies is that on "The Caliph of Fonthill"—*William Beckford*, author of "the sublimely humorous fable which is *Vathek*." Mr. Whibley is clearly among those who have succeeded in making their way to the end of *Vathek*.

If *Vathek* do not rank among the greatest works of the world, it is still a miracle of grim wit, caustic humour, contemptuous irony; and once more *Beckford* distinguished himself—an Englishman—from all his fellows by giving a masterpiece to the literature of France. Some few burlesques, now sliding into forgetfulness, were dictated by the same spirit of careless satire, and if the earliest book of travel be a lyric expression of himself, the



latest is a reasoned expression of his art. But his real life lay as far apart from literature as from Spain. Fonhill was Beckford made concrete. There he attempted to create a false world, to translate into practice an imaginative ideal. That he failed was his loss rather than ours. The twelve-foot wall shuts out the Abbey from prying eyes as sternly to-day as it did near a century ago. We can only catch sight at a distance of the Gothic tower, and marvel that his vast resources of wealth and taste could produce no better effect. We can but attribute a furtive confusion between Wardour-street and the perfect collection to the influence of his generation, which, despite his own valiant theory, warped his judgment. But without reserve may we admire a courteous gentleman, splendid in prosperity, brave in adversity, who hated the world's interruption as heartily as he despised its malice, and who, notwithstanding the load of wealth and sycophancy, yet carved his life into a definite and a personal shape.

But the book is more than a clever series of historical studies. It is an aid to that most difficult of all tasks—a task strangely neglected, a task demanding untiring energy, and the absorption of every moment, a task where the "smallest action is an added touch, a fresh detail in the vast design"—the Art of Living. We need hardly say that, coming from Mr. Whibley, the analysis of the lives of these splendid worldlings is unmoral. They are his choice. In his ironical, detached way he sympathises with them, but that is his affair. We are only concerned to say that he has done his work with art, with humour, and with a cheerful spirit. The clouds roll away, whiffs of a delight in life that, alas! is not too common now blow across the ages as we read. They took the world in their two hands, they pecked at it, and left what they did not want. *La Joie!* that was the end of their ambition, "as it was the end of Pepys's ambling curiosity, and, alas! it is an ambition which in these days has yielded to the harder lust of gold the keener pleasure of advancement." So we bid good-bye, for the present, to these dandies and perfect worldlings who "shook footstools if they left thrones secure." Yet they will outlive many who shook thrones. How it would have amused them could they have known that we take their philosophy of life seriously.

### The Wandering Army.

*Tramping with Tramps.* By Josiah Flynt. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

"To watch in thought," writes Mr. Flynt, in that section of his book called "Children of the Road," "the long and motley procession marching along is to see a panorama of all the sins, sorrows, and accidents known to human experience. Year after year they trudge on and on, and always on, seeking a goal which they never seem to find. Young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, all go on together; and as one wearies of the march another steps into his heel-tracks, and the ranks close up as solidly as ever."

We have had many books devoted to the vagabond and the criminal, to the outcast and the victim of the *Wanderlust*. Most of them have been written from specialist or amateur points of view, often misleading, often productive of inevitable insincerities. The specialist, as a rule, studies the incarcerated criminal, who is a person very different from his free self; usually something of an actor or a master of humbug. The amateur sees, but overstates; has an eye too keenly set upon the picturesque, and frequently misses the inwardness of his subject. Mr. Flynt does not profess to be a criminologist, which clears the ground wonderfully; and although he was an amateur tramp he was one for months on end and was accepted as of the elect of Hoboland. And when we say an amateur we do not mean that he merely dressed as a tramp, boarded freight-cars, and caught a smattering of the lingo; he actually lived the life, felt the vermin, begged his food, and served time. Therefore his book is a genuine

contribution to the literature of a subject profoundly interesting alike to governments and individuals. Our only regret is that Mr. Flynt saw so little, comparatively, of English trampdom; during a longer stay he might have encountered better—and worse—types than came in his way.

The American hobo, says Mr. Flynt, is, as a rule, a discouraged criminal. He has tried the higher walks of swindling, and either been unsuccessful in them or lost his nerve. The man who gets the "shivers" is undone, and he generally gets them after ten or fifteen years behind prison bars. If the "shivers" become chronic he is unfitted even for a decent road-man, and drifts to the dregs of being in the unutterable ranks of the "tomato can vag," which individual picks his living from the "slop-barrels and tomato cans of dirty alleys." But the criminal class is by no means responsible for the whole of the noisome army; its ranks are swelled by the purely lazy, the instinctive born vagabonds, and the enticed. The pity of it is that the enticed are children who dream adventure, and catch from the "jockey's" snaring voice the thrill of adventure accomplished:

It is really one of the wonders of the world, the power that this ugly, dissipated, tattered man has over the children he meets. In no other country that I have visited is there anything like it. He stops at a town for a few hours, collects the likely boys about him at his hang-out, picks out the one that he thinks will serve him best, and then begins systematically to fascinate him. If he understands the art well (and it is a carefully studied art) he can almost always get the one he wants.

And, being so secured, the unfortunate youngster marches away into the slavery of the "prushun," a slavery only to cease, probably, when he himself becomes an "ex-prushun," and gets even with the world by enticing a child himself. This is the deadliest thing in American trampdom; recruits never fail, and the new blood takes its colour from the worst of the old. Once in that fell fraternity these boys are kicked into obedience, bought and sold, and taught every variety of vice and villainy. Here, surely, is a traffic for suppression by a vigorous and uncompromising law.

Of the tramp upon the road Mr. Flynt writes simply and convincingly. We see him in his hang-outs, on his begging rounds, in low-down saloons, in filthy lodging-houses. The creature lives well, if he is good at the game; it takes three hot meals a day to satisfy him, with snacks between. Less than that gives him occasion to rail at the community which he defrauds. There are tramps of so nice a gastronomic turn that they will decide upon what they want for dinner and make it their business to get it. We doubt whether this would be possible in England; our tramps are hardly so jauntily professional, being, indeed, mainly of the "poke-out" variety. The American tramp is, unquestionably, the most successful of his class, and he boasts that he has Irish blood in his veins. Mr. Flynt lost some caste on account of his inability to make this claim. But the English swindling vagabond—the fit-shammer, the widow-petitioner, and the like—we imagine still holds his own with his American brother. Only the other day the "Soap Fits King" was in the dock once more; after a time he will be foaming in the Strand again.

Distinctions of class in Hoboland are not less sharp than among those whose way lies not between the kip-house and the casual-ward, the hang-out and the gaol. The tramp community has its methods and its unwritten laws, its benevolences and its justice. The "poke-out tramp" is superior to the "tomato-can vag," the true hobo to the "gay-cat." Mr. Flynt says of the "poke-outs":

They are constitutionally incapacitated for any successful career in vagabondage, and the wonder is that they live at all. Properly speaking, they have no connection with the real brotherhood, and I should not have referred to them here except that the public mistakes them for the general hoboos. . . . The hobo is exceedingly proud in



his way—a person of susceptibilities—and if you want to offend him, call him a “gay-cat” or a “poke-outer.” He will never forgive you.

Now the “gay-cat” is one who sometimes degrades himself by work.

In America a rule of the road is that a hobo shall help a hobo, in England a moocher helps a moocher, in Russia a gorioun helps a gorioun; but in Germany a *chaussée-grabentapezir* does not often feel called upon to help a *chaussée-grabentapezir*. That is a most unworthy trait in the vagabonds of the Fatherland. Mr. Flynt tells a pathetic story of “the Cheyenne Baby,” a child born on the road, which became the pet of Hoboland. The mother stipulated that the boy should be taught nothing bad, and the men were so struck with the humour of the idea that they respected it. Therefore, though his vocabulary was packed with curses, he was instructed that they represented the nicest possible things. The child was killed with his mother in a railway smash, and all that was left of him, a right arm, was buried on the prairie and honoured with a wooden slab.

Mr. Flynt devotes an extremely interesting section of his book to the “Tramp and the Railroads.” Writing of America he says:

Taking this country by and large, it is no exaggeration to say that every night in the year ten thousand free passengers of the tramp genus travel on the different railroads in the ways mentioned [boarding freight-cars, &c.], and that ten thousand more are waiting at watering-tanks and in railroad yards for opportunities to get on the trains. I estimate the professional tramp population at sixty thousand, a third of whom are generally on the move.

This free travel system practically does not exist in England, and a universal vigorous policy on the part of the American railway companies would soon end it there. No more deadly blow could be aimed at the heart of Hoboland.

Of the English tramp, as we have said, Mr. Flynt had no extended experience, and he tells us little which the casual student of the subject, added to some actual intercourse with tramps, might not have gathered for himself. But, as a whole, the book is of searching interest, and the author's details and conclusions are so temperately stated as to demand the attention due to an impartial investigator. He approaches the subject with a mind free from prejudice, with ample sympathy, and, so far as we can gather, unhampered by the literature, so often merely sordidly picturesque, which has accumulated about his theme. The tramp, in effect, is a nuisance to society, and in the majority of instances has no claim upon society whatever. He is a wastrel, a fraud, and a potential criminal. He appeals to sentiment, and to sentiment he will continue to appeal so long as the law lets him off with light punishments. The main roads in England, particularly within a radius of forty miles from Charing Cross, are infested with him. His toll upon private charity, in the shape of food and money, cannot amount to much less than a pound a week. Is he, as an institution for frightening women and children, worth so much? We think not.

### Astrophel and Stella.

*Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney.* Edited by Philip Sidney. (Burleigh. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SIDNEY'S excuse for this new edition is that hitherto Sidney's *Sonnets* have never been published “at what may be considered a popular price and in a popular form.” The phrases will hardly bear pressing too closely. Certainly, Mr. Sidney's notion of a popular price differs from ours, for his volume is published in purple cloth at seven and sixpence net. For seven-and-sixpence, and nothing said about the net, you can purchase the elegant and scholarly

little edition done in 1888 by Mr. A. W. Pollard. That we have always looked upon as a model of good editing, and it is hard to see in what respect Mr. Sidney betters it. We should be sorry to think that a book was the more “popular” merely in proportion to the inferiority of its editing. True, Mr. Sidney has modernised the sixteenth-century orthography; but he has not done so correctly, for he leaves such forms as “stile” for “style,” “poesie” for “poesy,” “hie” for “high,” “captainesse” for “captainess,” “frys” for “fries.” Nor was it worth doing, for the orthography of “Astrophel and Stella” is so little divergent from modern usage that it really offers no puzzle to any reader not absolutely illiterate. On the other hand, the interpretation of the Sonnets does present considerable difficulties; and here Mr. Sidney's thin and scrappy introduction, which, after an ugly fashion set by Dr. Grosart, he chooses to call a “Memorial Introduction,” contrasts ill with Mr. Pollard's judicious, sympathetic, and in no way pedantic discussion of the points of literary history and biography involved.

The precise amount of the personal element in “Astrophel and Stella” is, of course, as with most of the other great love-poems of literature, matter for dispute. Many of the sonnets are undoubtedly exercises in modish versifying, in the tradition of Petrarch, of Desportes. Yet of the underlying human drama, the real passion and the real tragedy, no competent reader, himself sincere, can fail to be convinced. That Sidney saw Lady Penelope Devereux marry Lord Rich without more than a conventional emotion; that he greeted her maturing beauty at court with a conventional homage; that before many months had passed the conventions fell away, and left the consciousness of an irreparable mistake; that passion culminated in proposals gently repelled; that ultimately the stern fibre of the man triumphed over his weakness—these are the human material wrought by the healing gift of imagination—“emotion remembered in tranquillity”—into imperishable poetry. The ordering of the story; the how, the when, and the where, as it is reflected in the Sonnets, has been fully told by Mr. Pollard. One little bit of evidence has cropped up since he wrote, which Mr. Sidney might have garnered, but, somewhat characteristically, has missed. It concerns the circumstances under which Stella's marriage to Lord Rich took place. She had been half-betrothed, as a child, to Sidney; and it has generally been assumed that when Sidney's chances of succeeding to his uncle, Lord Leicester, were vanishing, Stella's relations interfered, and insisted, to his disappointment, on a better match. This is not quite consistent with the language of the Sonnets. Astrophel says:

I might!—unhappie word—O me, I might,  
And then would not, or could not, see my blisse;  
Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,  
I find how heav'nly day, wretch! I did misse.  
Hart, rent thy selfe thou doest thy selfe but right;  
No lovely Paris made thy Hellen his,  
No force, no fraud robd thee of thy delight,  
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;  
But to my selfe my selfe did give the blow,  
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,  
That I respects for both our sakes must show:  
And yet could not, by rising morne foresee  
How faire a day was neare: O punisht eyes,  
That I had bene more foolish, or more wise!

The natural interpretation of this is that Sidney's own unwillingness had much to do with the fact that Lady Penelope Devereux married another. And this view is confirmed by a passage in a letter written in 1687 to John Aubrey, and published in Mr. Clark's recent edition of the “Brief Lives.” The letter concerns the personages of the “Arcadia.” Philoclea is said to be Lady Rich,

beloved by him, upon whose account he made his “Astrophel and Stella. . . . Lord Rich being then his friend, he persuaded her mother to the match, though he

repented afterwards; she then very young, and secretly in love with him, but he no concern for her. Her beauty augmenting, he says in his 'Astrophel and Stella,' he didn't think 'the morn would have proved soe faire a day.'"

Of course, this is not contemporary evidence. But the writer, one "D. Tyndale," claims to be "conversant among his [Sidney's] relations." We take him (or her) to have belonged to the family of old Mr. Thomas Tyndale, who was well known to Aubrey, and is described by him as "an old gentleman that remembers Queen Elizabeth's raigne and court." He died in 1672, but was not improbably the source of "D. Tyndale's" information.

In yet another point a knowledge of Aubrey's "Brief Lives" would have kept Mr. Sidney from going wrong. He rather plumes himself upon an identification of a certain "H. S.," who signs an "epistle to the reader" in the "Arcadia" of 1593 with Sir Henry Sidney of Walsingham, in Norfolk, a kinsman of Sir Philip. Unfortunately, Aubrey, in his *Life of Lady Pembroke*, is quite explicit as to who "H. S." was. He says: "Mr. Henry Sanford was the Earl's secretary, a good scholar and poet, and who did penne part of the 'Arcadia' dedicated to her (as appears by the preface). He has a preface before it with the two letters of his name."

## Other New Books.

### The War.

THE six War books which we review below are a miscellaneous aftermath, rather than a new crop. We have two books on Mafeking, and we remember that it is nearly three months since we reviewed Major F. D. Baillie's spirited book on the same episode. A book of "South African studies" has a strong affinity to Prof. Keane's work, *The Boer States, Land, and People*, which we reviewed seven months ago. The Earl of Roslyn's *Twice Captured* seems a late arrival, judged by Mr. Winston Churchill's narrative, which appeared in June; a comparison of the periods covered lessens the difference only a little. The Earl De La Warr's narrative is a personal record down to last May, and a tiny point of interest about his modest volume is that it is called "Reminiscences." To that word we have come—after how many publications? In a slower age men would have begun with it, and would be even now only sorting their papers and mending their quills.

#### THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

BY J. ANGUS HAMILTON.

Of necessity one account of the siege of Mafeking must be somewhat like another, and Mr. Hamilton's story, written for the *Times* and *Black and White*, tallies frequently with Major Baillie's *Morning Post* narrative, published in July. But where Major Baillie mentioned a minor event Mr. Hamilton will often describe it. If we remember rightly, the first writer just names the execution of a native spy, which the other describes in detail. Mr. Hamilton's account fills two pages, but his descriptive touches are not placed in the best order. In an abbreviated form this *chose vue* is as follows. The native, it may be explained, was a Baralong who had been caught trying to enter the town as a spy. It was in vain that he pleaded that his spying had not begun when he was arrested. He was condemned to be shot.

Last night the shooting party came for him. . . . The prisoner, supported on either arm, stumbled in the partial blindness of the bandage, seeming, now that his last hour was at hand, to be more careless, more light-hearted than any of the party. He shook his head somewhat defiantly, but his lips moved, and in his heart one could almost hear the muttered curses. . . . There was a moment of intense silence as we waited for the sun to set, in which the nerves

seem to be but little strings of wire, played upon by the emotions. Unconsciously, each seemed to stiffen, as we waited for the word of the officer, feeling that at every pulsation one would like to shriek "Enough, enough!" As we stood the prisoner spoke, unconscious of the preparations, and the officer approached him. He wanted, he said, to take a final glance at the place that he had known since his childhood. His prayer was granted, and, as he faced about, the bandage across his eyes was, for a few brief minutes, dropped upon his neck. In that final look he seemed to realise what he was suffering. The stadt lay before him, the place of his childhood, the central point round which his life had turned, bathed in a sunset which he had often seen before, and which he would never see again. There were the cattle of his people, there were the noises of the stadt, the children's voices, the laughter of the women, and there was the smoke of his camp fires. It was all his once—he lived there and he was to die there, but to die in a manner which was strange and horrible. Then he looked beyond the stadt and scanned the enemy's lines. Tears welled in his eyes, and the force of his emotion shook his shoulders. But again he was himself: the feeling had passed and he drew himself erect. Then once more the bandage was secured, and he faced about. The sun was setting, and as the officer stepped back and gave his orders, a fleeting shudder crossed the native's face. Bayonets were fixed, the men were ready, and the rifles were presented. One gripped one's palms. "Fire!" said the officer. Six bullets struck him—four were in the brain.

Mr. Hamilton's book is improved by fifteen illustrations and two plans. The photographs opposite pages 144 and 146 show the effects of shell-fire on a building to a nicety, being taken just before and just after the catastrophe. (Methuen. 6s.)

#### THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

THE marrow of this book is the march to Mafeking of Mahon's flying column. The long vexed tramp from Kimberley, through Taungs to Vryburg, and across the Molopo River to the relief, is described by Mr. Young with uncommon spirit. After a ten minutes' hail of Boer bullets we read: "It was not the men lying stark and still in the grass that made one astonished; it was the sight of people walking about and talking that made one wonder whether or no one had been dreaming." Mr. Young's note is his selection of the cheerful and humorous incidents of war. The pride and interest shown by our soldiers in their wounds, and in the operations they underwent, is noted by Mr. Young with the remark: "An illness or a wound is often the first view an ignorant man gets of Nature's ingenuity displayed in the construction of his own person." Mr. Young sketches these invalids very happily:

One of them—a man who looked as strong as a horse—was explaining to an admiring group how he came to be alive at all. A bullet had passed through the rim of his helmet, entered his left temple, passed behind his nose, through the roof of his mouth, and out through the lower part of his right cheek. First he would show us the dent in his temple; then describe, with many strange words, the inward passage of the bullet; and then, emerging into the sphere of common things, wind up with: "and came out of my blooming cheek." Then he would show the dent in his cheek, and pass his helmet round for all to see, as a conjurer does. I moved round with this man, and heard him recite his tale three times, and every time he used just the same form of words, which he repeated pat like a lesson. His corruption of "cerebral" was amusing: "Nearly scattered the cervical nerve, so help me!" he said.

A very readable book, this; and it is free from rash judgments. Mr. Young was for the *Manchester Guardian*. (Methuen. 6s.)

#### TWICE CAPTURED.

BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

As a plain-sailing though rather awkwardly-written account of personal experiences in the Boer War this book is good reading. The author, who represented the



*Daily Mail* and *Sphere*, expressly asks his critics to take it not as the efflux of a clever pen but as a true description of personal adventures. Those adventures were varied enough, and included nine weeks' imprisonment at Pretoria. Whether that imprisonment was merited according to the rules of war we shall not undertake to determine. But the author's allegation that he owed his confinement to Mr. Richard Harding Davis is to be taken with some reserve. We had better quote the passage from the Earl of Rosslyn's prison diary:

We had a visitor to-day. Who do you think the visitor was? None other than Richard Harding Davis, the American novelist. Not only had he reached Pretoria (I saw him last at Ladysmith), not only had he obtained a pass to visit our prison, not only had he got the indecency to do so without inquiring for any individual, but he insulted us by refusing to answer any questions, cracking up the Boers under our noses and those of the guards who accompanied him, and telling us plainly that in conversation with Melt Marais, the field-cornet of Pretoria, he had agreed that I was rightly detained as a combatant officer! And yet this is a man whom my family, and myself, delighted to honour in our own country when he first came over. I hope he feels like the Pharisee, and thanks God that he is not like other American men are! Now I know why I am here; it was my diary first, and now it is Richard Harding Davis's untruthful information that I held a commission in Thorneycroft's Horse at the time of my capture. I don't think Mr. Davis had better come here any more during his visit to Pretoria.

That is the whole passage. We have no concern to defend Mr. Davis, but we do not think much of the above statement. Mr. Davis was acting as the representative of an American newspaper; and silence must have been the first condition of his professional visit to the Pretoria gaol. As for the "untruthful statement" about the author's connexion with Thorneycroft's, it is only necessary to state that the Earl of Rosslyn began his adventures with a commission in Thorneycroft's Horse, and that Mr. Davis might well be ignorant of the fact that the Earl's resignation had preceded his arrest. After this we attach little importance to the Earl of Rosslyn's criticisms of British generals and other officers in the chapter called, not inaptly, "Idle Reflections." (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

#### SOUTH AFRICAN STUDIES.

BY ALFRED HILLIER.

"Sixteen years' participation in South Africa" undoubtedly gives Mr. Hillier a claim to be heard on such subjects as "South Africa, Past and Future," "The Native Races of South Africa," "Boer Government in the Transvaal," "Before the Jameson Raid," "Issues at Stake in South Africa," &c., &c. On all these Mr. Hillier's information and reflections are worth perusal. We are not greatly struck, however, by his defence of the capitalists. Take this sentence:

For a desperate evil a desperate remedy was sought, and the capitalists, once having taken to politics, decided to "spare no expense," and in conjunction with Mr. Rhodes financed the Jameson plan.

The satin phrasing of this sentence amuses us. Twenty years hence a reader might pass it by without ever scenting blood, or realising the real desperateness of the "plan." By all means let justice be done to the capitalists, if there is still justice due to them, but let plain words be used. Not that we dispute Mr. Hillier's general rightness of view. We merely point out that whatever is wrong in his view seems to reveal itself in his curiously cautious phraseology. (Macmillan.)

#### SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE  
EARL DE LA WARR.

The author sent these letters from the front to the *Globe*, and was wounded and invalided home last May. Reprinted

in limp covers, the record cannot be said to present any special features, but it is eminently modest and business-like. The *Globe* was fortunate in possessing a correspondent who was present at many of the most stirring struggles of the war—including Magersfontein and Spion Kop. In his account of the last-named affair we have a picture in a sentence:

It was a heart-breaking sight watching the two processions filing up and down the hill—one consisting of hearty, jolly men going up full of dash and eagerness, the other chiefly consisting of dead and wounded, carried down under the greatest difficulties on stretchers, which were often in a perpendicular position.

(Hurst & Blackett. 1s.)

#### SHOULD I SUCCEED IN SOUTH AFRICA?

BY A SUCCESSFUL COLONIST.

A sensible little handbook that should find many readers. The author explains the chances and conditions of South African life with knowledge. He gives a list of fifty sorts of men who can do well there, and twenty who will do better at home. Among a hundred pieces of information we note that only first-class millinery hands have any prospects in Cape Town, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, for "the latest Paris and Regent-street styles are worn." The author denounces the drinking and gambling habits of colonists in Johannesburg and elsewhere, but looks for a general purification. (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.)

We have received two more volumes in Prof. Edward Arber's "British Anthologies"—those treasure-houses of the minor poets of many centuries. These are *The Surrey and Wyatt Anthology* (1509-1547), and *The Goldsmith Anthology* (1745-1774). The next, or tenth, volume will be *The Cowper Anthology*, which will close the series. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. each.)

*Sailor Songs* (Warne) is a pocket shilling collection, edited by Mr. J. E. Carpenter. The selection appears to be good, but for the amazing omission of "Wapping Old Stairs."

New editions are plentiful. Of these, the most interesting are the late Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (Macmillan), and Pierce Egan's *Life in London* (Chatto, 5s.). The letterpress of Pierce Egan's work is faithfully reproduced, so faithfully as to include a tantalising list of illustrations which appeared in the early editions, but which—with the exception of a frontispiece—are absent from this. As a budget of faded London delights the book has a lasting interest.

We have also received a "popular edition" of Sir Wemyss Reid's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); the eighth edition (revised and enlarged) of the Rev. Malcolm McColl's *The Reformation Settlement* (Longman's 3s. 6d. net—a very cheap volume); the fourth edition of Mr. E. Griffith-Jones's *The Ascent Through Christ* (Bowden); the second edition of Mr. Arthur W. Jose's *The Growth of the Empire* (Angus & Robertson); the third edition of Mr. F. W. Puller's *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (Longmans, 16s.); the third edition of Major W. H. Turton's (*Royal Engineers*); *The Truth of Christianity* (Jarrold); and a sixpenny reprint of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* (George Newnes), issued by arrangement with Messrs. Smith, Elder. Lastly, we have a new translation of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, by Miss Beatrice Marshall (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.)—a handsome volume, worth almost any dozen modern "children's books."



## Fiction.

*Wounds in the Rain: Stories Relating to the Spanish-American War.* By Stephen Crane. (Methuen.)

No one can escape, in reading this last of Mr. Crane's extraordinary work, from the reflection that it ridiculously resembles his first. Almost every impression was preconceived in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and for verisimilitude the author might have stayed for the one as for the other in his own armchair, and never have gone at all to the wars. This might lead to either of two conclusions: that the reporter was obsessed by the author's battles in the brain, or that the author had successfully divined truth which the reporter's observation could but verify. Which, it were not easy to decide; especially because a large part of the observation, and that the most characteristic, is concerned altogether with the inner man. The objective operations are of secondary importance, and, as Mr. Crane tells them, are not always easy to follow; that which mainly interests him is the variation, under certain abnormal conditions, in the fundamental conceptions of time and space, the sharpening of the senses or their temporary anaesthesia, the effects of fear, the strange sources from which in emergency courage may derive; and what he is interested in, that he desires to express. "The battle broke with a snap far ahead. Presently Lige heard from the air far above a faint, low note as if somebody were blowing in the mouth of a bottle. It was a stray bullet that had wandered a mile to tell him that war was before him." Then what? It may be observation, but the author of *The Red Badge* would easily have divined it: "he nearly broke his neck in looking upward." Forthwith the Spanish guns become as it were articulate. "Ss-sa-swow-ow-ow-pum"—that is how they talk; also "flut-flut, flut, fluttery-flut-fluttery-flut," they say. Bullets sing, sping, spang, snap, snatch, shiver, sneer. The war correspondent in the derelict steel boiler meanwhile "dreams frantically of some anthracite hiding-place, some profound dungeon of peace, where blind mules chew placidly the far-gathered hay." With nerves (to use his own phrase) standing on end like so many bristles, he writes like a man hag-ridden by a terror of common things:

Lying near one of the enemy's trenches was a red-headed Spanish corpse. I wonder how many hundreds were cognisant of this red-headed Spanish corpse? It rose to the dignity of a landmark. There were many corpses, but only one with a red head. This red-head. He was always there. Each time I approached this part of the field I prayed that I might find that he had been buried. But he was always there—red-headed.

Mr. Crane preserved to the last his Japanese-like sensitiveness to the paradox of perspective. Over and over again he points to it with a worried grin.

There was a man in a Panama hat, walking with a stick! That was the strangest sight of my life—that symbol, that quaint figure of Mars. The battle, the thunderous row, was his possession. He was master. He mystified us all with his infernal Panama hat and his wretched walking-stick. From near his feet came volleys and from near his side came roaring shells, but he stood there alone, visible, the one tangible thing. He was a Colossus, and he was half as high as a pin, this being.

His description of the return of Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, to the army, is a piece of saner observation:

Most of the soldiers were sprawled out on the grass, bored and weary in the sunshine. However, they aroused at the old circus-parade, torch-light procession cry, "Here they come." Then the men of the regular army did a thing. They rose *en masse* and came to "Attention." Then the men of the regular army did another thing. They slowly lifted every weather-beaten hat and dropped it until it touched the knee. Then there was a magnificent silence, broken only by the measured hoof-beats of the company's horses as they rode through the gap. . . .

Then suddenly the whole scene went to rubbish. Before he reached the bottom of the hill, Hobson was bowing right and left like another Boulanger, and above the thunder of the massed bands one could hear the venerable outbreak, "Mr. Hobson, I'd like to shake the hand of the man who—."

To our mind the finest work in the volume is the last story, "The Second Generation." It is of wider scope than the rest, treating with serious purpose and in less unmeasured language of the consequences of inherited wealth and position. On the whole, however, this posthumous volume is a brilliant last word from one who had discovered himself completely from the beginning.

*The Shadow of Quong Lung.* By Dr. C. W. Doyle. (Constable. 6s.)

"Of course," writes Dr. Doyle in his preface, "the best thing to do with Chinatown would be to burn it down." And we have the honour politely to disagree with him. First, because in that case we might not reasonably hope to have from his pen any more stories about it; and in the second place, because the existence in the midst of San Francisco, or of any other Anglo-Saxon burgh, of a colony of people of such exquisite courtesy and tact cannot but have an improving effect on the social atmosphere.

Quong Lung, the bully of Chinatown, was a gentleman in all his ways—a *sing-song* of the finest water. Even his victims and tools could not but make such report of him. Thus, when once his silk handkerchief had been snatched by a police officer from his hand to cleanse the pavement upon which he had spat:

It was great to see and hear Quong Lung! He never showed that he felt the insult put upon him. Drawing a gold piece from his purse, he thus addressed the man of authority: "Thou wast right in what thou didst. If Quong Lung offended against the laws of this city, it is but right that the law should be vindicated, and he herewith inflicts on himself the penalty required by the law in such cases. Bestow this, thou Worthy Officer, where it belongs; and know that no one is a stouter upholder of the law than Quong Lung." . . .

We regret to add that this engaging scoundrel came to an unhappy end, being "electrocuted" in a snare he had laid for another.

But there is pathos in these stories too. This book, though by no means of equal excellence throughout, is written by one who knows.

*The Valley of the Great Shadow.* By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). (Heinemann. 6s.)

An Alpine health resort populated by doomed consumptives is necessarily rich in pathos, yet one must complain that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton exacts too much tribute of it. Frankly, we do not believe in the genius who was belated in a three-mile walk with a child of six and perished of his fatigue in carrying her through a snowstorm. Nor are we impressed when Miss Blake attempts to toboggan out of this world because she is hurt in her self-respect and disappointed in her affections. And then, when we are asked to weep over what may be called "Dodo" pathos—the giddy mother and the sick child "curtain"—we loose our patience. For be it remarked that the author does not work up, as she might have done, a supreme pathos out of the normal conditions of such a place as "Mittenplatz." She sugars her book through and through with detached anecdotes of artful pathos, pathos of the boards. Life is not enough for Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, though she spells it frequently with a capital L. At the same time, here is a woman who can both write and feel. Moreover, she can paint character. Pass by her "intense" types, which are choke-full of her emotions, and there is much to reward you.

Yes, there are smiles even in *The Valley of the Great Shadow*, and the end is really surprisingly cheerful.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## QUISANTE.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

This latest story from the pen of Mr. Anthony Hope is of English life at the present day, and is mainly concerned with the career of Alexander Quisante, member for Denstead, a prominent politician. It relates how he made his way, married Lady May Gaston, was much in the public eye, and how at last, "being faced by a great alternative, he chose what was to him a necessity, and how the choice fell out."

## THE HEART'S HIGHWAY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

From New England, where she has entertained us so long and pleasantly, Miss Wilkins takes us to Virginia—Virginia in the seventeenth century, when Jamestown was in all its pride of name and priority, and tobacco and love were all. (Murray. 6s.)

## TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE.

BY ROBERT HICHENS.

Mr. Hichens's new book is not a single novel but a group of five stories under one title. The first, "Sea Change," opens at nightfall in East London, where the Rev. Peter Uniacke has a cure of souls near the Docks. This vicar, a skipper, and an artist are the chief characters. In the second story, "William Foster," we are concerned with a morbid writer who uses this *nom-de-guerre*. The third, "How Love Came to Professor Guilden," brings that gentleman into intimate relations with Father Murchison. "The one was all faith, the other all scepticism." (Methuen. 6s.)

## THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Pemberton is still, for purposes of fiction, in Russia. In the prologue to *The Footsteps of a Throne* Lord Dane meets the beautiful Princess Fëkla, "richest of all the women who, in our capital, have the disposition of their own fortunes." And "her uncle, General Prezhnev, would sell his soul to the devil for ten thousand roubles." The story gallops through Russia, which means intrigues, arrogant officials, and the menace of Siberia. But all is well in the end, for Mr. Pemberton is kind, if a little breathless:

"Fëkla, beloved, mine, mine! I will not say good-night to you."

"Ivor—husband—the night is no more."  
(Methuen. 6s.)

## CHARMING RENÉE.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

Miss Kenealy writes with a purpose. When we read the first sentences of this novel: "The girl had come home finally from school. The question was what to do with her," we divine at once that we are "in for" a study of female development, despite her mother's dismay at finding her daughter splendidly and athletically beautiful. "There wasn't a man in the place," she reflected, "who would cast anything but attention as distinct from intention upon this enchanting young beauty. One cannot entertain a goddess in a suburban villa." And this was after Renée had been deliberately "toned down." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## PETERSBURG TALES.

BY OLIVE GARNETT.

Miss Olive Garnett, who is a daughter of Dr. Garnett, has written under the above title four stories, called "The Case of Vetrova," "Roukoff," "The Secret of the Universe," and "Out of It." All the stories are animated by knowledge of, and sympathy with, New Russia. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## SERVANTS OF SIN.

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has written both romances and novels of to-day. This is a romance, and it has been dramatised and produced for copyright purposes. "Snow! snow! snow! Always snow!" exclaims the first character. He is looking through a *louvre* window, "from which the Bastille might be seen frowning over the Quartier St. Antoine a third of a mile away." But the story is not, as may be supposed, of the French Revolution; it opens in the winter of 1719. (Methuen. 6s.)

## EDMUND FULLERSTON.

BY B. B. WEST.

"Halchester lies, as everybody knows, on the banks of the River Yarnold. We are concerned with two old-established families, 'allied at every turn by inter-marriages,' and greatly admired by the author, who, however, keeps disaster up his sleeve, until he remarks: 'Very reluctantly, and with the gloomy conviction that I have no alternative, I am compelled to tell of—THE CRASH.'" (Longmans. 6s.)

## THE HEIRESS OF THE FOREST.

BY ELEANOR C. PRICE.

A romance of old France; or, precisely, "A Romance of Old Anjou," opening with pleasing conventionalism of four giants and a dwarf in the Forest of Montaigne, with foresters, woodmen, feudal customs, the autumn wind, and a boy's voice singing:

Écoute, belle!  
Réveille-toi!  
Mon cœur t'appelle:  
Viens dans les bois.

(Isbister. 6s.)

We have also received *For Lack of Love*, by Lillias Campbell Davidson, a love story with chapter headings like "Love Crowns," "The Time of Roses," "Who Doubteth Love Can Know Not Love," and "Rhoda Decides" (Horace Marshall & Son. 6s.); *Monica*, by Evelyn Everett-Green, a good story of the "family reading" order, introducing "The Trevlyns of Trevlyn Castle"; *The Order of Isis*, a Story of Mystery and Adventure in Egypt, by James Bagnall-Stubbs, culminating in the battle of Omdurman (Skeffingtons. 6s.); *The Boers' Blunder*, a Veldt Adventure, by Fox Russell, in which the author, "although strictly adhering to fiction," bases some of his incidents on facts within his personal knowledge (Wells Gardner. 6s.); *A Twentieth Century Parson*, by Rev. E. H. Sugden, an episodic story of clerical work in all its phases, laid in "Bradford," a factory town of 10,000 population (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.); *The Secret of the Crater: a Mountain Moloch*, by Duffield Osborne, a story of a mislaid island in the Pacific, in which priests and volcanoes play their tragic parts, and massacre and mystery fill the picture (Putnam); *My Afterdream*, by Julian West, a sequel to *Looking Backward*, supposed to be written by Julian West (Unwin. 6s.); *Barcali the Mutineer*, by C. Dudley Lampen, a "Tale of the Great Pacific," opens with "a ghost in the engine-room . . . that most modern department of a modern iron steamship!" (Everett. 6s.); *In White Raiment*, by William Le Queux, postulating and showing that "in the wild whirl of social London there occur daily incidents which, when written down in black and white, appear absolutely incredible" (F. V. White. 6s.); *The Baron's Sons*, another translation from Maurus Jokai, to whose historical romances there seem no end (Macquenn. 6s.); *A Modern Suburb*, by R. A. Sinclair, a story of family and church life in the West of Scotland (Alex. Gardner); *An Obstinate Parish*, by M. L. Lord, a somewhat similar story of English life, laid at "Carchester" (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

\* \* \* Owing to the heavy arrivals of new novels, we are unable to print notes on a dozen novels besides the above.



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## A Word to the Aspiring.

IN surveying those wandering fields of literary foam which are called Fiction, we sight many a novel which we are loth to neglect, but to which we cannot give the space which is due to definitely good work. To "slate" such a novel is poor sport. To praise it faintly is waste of time. The best course seems to be to take one of these novels from time to time, and discuss it as a type. There may be difficulty in finding a novel sufficiently typical; but once it is found the object-lesson it affords ought to be of some little value. It happens that we have alighted on such a novel, one with brains in it, and written with evident care, purpose, and patience; but exhibiting, like a "perfect" hospital case, some of the most current vices and insufficiencies of these spacious days of authorship. The novel in question is called *A Son of Austerity*. It is written by Mr. George Knight, and is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock. If we seem to treat it unkindly, we can only say that unless we recognised its good points we should not publish an article on its bad ones.

Let us say at once that Mr. Knight sins through being too literary. It is not a question of style alone. His whole view of the characters and world he has created is distorted, we think, by an excessive love of literary expression and intellectuality. The plot of *A Son of Austerity* needs little indication. Paul Gotch is the twenty-four-year-old son of Selina Gotch, a soured woman who was deserted by her husband while her son was yet unborn, and who, by hard worldly abilities, and fierce devotion, has established herself in a brick-making business and given Paul a good education. Paul, in fact, is the most educated, assertive, long-winded, and philosophising young man we ever encountered in fiction. The story opens in the Gotches' brickfield residence one afternoon when Gotch *père* suddenly turns up to try conclusions with his wife, see his son, and ascertain—after twenty-four years' total neglect of his family—his family position. To a hayloft, where Paul is reading Goethe, comes Mrs. Gotch, shaking with, and shaken by, this arrival, and consumed with jealous forebodings about the probable relations of the son she has reared to the father she will never forgive. And presently we have this situation:

"You surely don't imagine he's here for my sake," she snapped.

Regardless of the gibe, Paul began to descend the hidden stairway. He halted abruptly, and returned, his face alight with a dreamy simplicity.

"What is my father like?" he inquired.

His mother lifted her hand and struck him upon the cheek—a desperate, vicious blow, that stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground. Paul's clenched fingers leapt to a level with his elbow; then dropped.

"I think you forget yourself," he observed icily.

It will be noticed that Mr. Knight, too, has forgotten himself; though we have no wish to say it icily. He has a literary, but not a moral, understanding of the situation he has created in these lines. Murder is lovely and pleasant compared with a blow on a man's cheek struck

by his mother in vicious anger and jealousy. We doubt whether the situation is ever required—is ever justified—in fiction or drama. But waiving that, what are we to say of the art which thinks it is fulfilling itself by adding in one breath that the blow "stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground"? And yet Mr. Knight has only committed, in exemplary degree, an error that is nearly as common as ink. It is the fallacy of sight. It is the tyranny of the thing seen. The notion that because a thing is seen it may be fitly written has been fostered in late years to such an extent that it threatens to annihilate moral, as distinct from physical, vision. It also produces a thousand vulgarities and unseemlinesses by unhappy accident. "Paul's clenched fingers leapt to a level with his elbow; then dropped"! So we are spared fisticuffs, when we should have been awed by the tragedy and pitifulness of human hearts.

We spoke of the tyranny of the thing seen, meaning precisely its tyranny, not its assured helpfulness and just authority. Mr. Knight does not always err. He can see things when they may properly be seen, and describe them when they may properly be described. We not only say this, but we will prove it by these sentences from the description of the dreary funeral of the elder Gotch:

At the border of the clayfield was a hearse and a single carriage. A little crowd marked, with its opposing groups of spectators, the way to the two pompous equipages. The coffin slid shriekingly between the planes of frosted glass and shining enamel; Paul mounted into the lumbering ark behind, there was a clatter of hoofs, and the wheels, clearing the kerb, settled into those slow revolutions which, all too quickly, devour the Last Journey.

That is good. Again, when Hero comes back from her first London visit:

Hero, left alone, looked out of the window and pondered the harsh browns and greens of the prospect. The pug-mill was thudding monotonously; the sunshine danced on the windy surfaces of the mimic meres; some juvenile anglers, tattered and barefoot, were bobbing for "jack-sharp" in the dusky water.

"If I don't have the dismals before I'm much older," reflected the spectator, candidly, "my name is not Hero Gotch."

That also is serviceable. We could multiply such instances of Mr. Knight's competence; it is only "bitter constraint sad occasion dear" that prevents us.

The disastrous effect of word-mania and rampant intellectuality may be more closely indicated. They may cause an author to guy or destroy his own drama. So resolved is such an author to put down every thought that flits through his brain, that he turns his best characters into beasts of burden, making them say things which he wants said, but which they—being sane—would never say. Thoughts which in the writer are clever and helpful may, on the lips of a character, become irrelevant, vulgar, or screamingly funny. You may recognise a writer's thought to be good, but be consumed with laughter by its improper dramatisation. Mr. Knight—again in common with scores of writers—is a prey to this confusion. No estimate we can form of Paul Gotch's natural priggery can reconcile us to some of the speeches he addresses to his sweetheart and his mother. In a heart-to-heart explanation between him and his mother, shortly before that lady's death, we have this bit of dialogue:

Mrs. Gotch touched the brimming tears from her lashes; she could not speak.

"Because," said Paul, still stroking the fine, strong fingers, "because you are my mother, and desolate; because life has been bitter in your mouth—but most of all because, while my heart is breaking for a woman who is nothing to you, your heart, forgetting itself, bleeds for me. There is a language of gesture, it has told me this. And now I know that I love you, you grey, grave paradox of warm blood and cold lips. Ten minutes from now I



shall be ashamed to have told you so, and you will wonder if you have dreamed it. But ten years hence there may be balm in the memory of this odd moment."

Had Paul's mother cuffed him with quadruple-scarlet effects when he called her a grey grave paradox we should have felt no surprise. It is, we fancy, in sheer prepossession with the writing of his story, instead of with the thinking of it out, that Mr. Knight makes his Paul say, "Hero—I may call you Hero, may I not?" *after* he is betrothed, *after* she has come under his mother's roof, and—actually—at the moment when he is handing her fifty pounds in bank-notes to buy her trousseau.

If words and literary ideas can cloud an author's vision of life, they are none the less to be condemned for their smaller mischiefs, done to style itself. Mr. Knight's book is a veritable jungle of clever but needless phrase-making. Take a sentence at sheer random. It is from that scene in the hay-loft, from which mother and son are now descending:

Both encountered at the base of the slope, and mounted together the acute scarp that led to a trapezium of unspoiled turf, whereon was perched a single white cottage.

Here the taste for words assumes control over the pen, which should be controlled always by a higher power of which this delicate taste is only the lieutenant. And as is very usual, pride goes before a fall. The writer will not say that mother and son "met" at the base of the slope, though "met" is actually the better word, because "encountered" carries the idea of an unexpected meeting (which it was not), or—but this we have nothing to do with—a meeting in battle. The right and simple word was "met." The writer prefers the verb encounter in its somewhat rare intransitive use, which is yet familiar in the speech of the First Lord in "Timon of Athens," when he meets the Second Lord and presently remarks: "Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered." But mark how Mr. Knight's unnecessary quest of a rare word betrays him. Full of "encountered," he gives it an incorrect nominative—"Both encountered." He should have written "They encountered." The whole mission of the pronoun "both" in the English language is to indicate two people, neither of whom is excluded from a given act or state, though either might be so excluded. Its bottom is knocked out of it in "both encountered" not less completely than if one said of a bride and bridegroom that they were both wedded at the altar. This may seem trivial criticism. But it is not trivial; it concerns the whole art of writing. For we are almost certain that it was a zeal for the rare "encountered"—a zeal more holy than discreet—that relaxed Mr. Knight's hold on the meaning of the simple word "both." But the affectations of this sentence do not end here. For why, in the name of unspoiled English, a trapezium? A trapezium is a geometrical figure of four sides, no two of which are parallel. That is all. Try making trapeziums on a sheet of paper, and you will find that the figure is the most indefinite in the world. And yet there is a notion abroad among young writers that such a word as "trapezium," because it is demonstrably correct, is the "inevitable" word in such a connexion as the above. It is forgotten that the mind has no thanks for such an excursus into geometry, when all it wants is a general idea. It is forgotten, also, that the mere apparition of a word like "trapezium," in a common connexion, is disconcerting, and that it starts an unnecessary train of thought. It is in the nemesic fitness of things that, having showered strange words on us in a sentence of less than four lines, Mr. Knight should employ the easy expression, "perched a single white cottage"—thus denying to his sentence even the grace of homogeneity of style. We must end abruptly, after confining ourselves to one or two pages of a novel which we have twice read. Mr. Knight should feel encouraged. But let him strive to see life as it is, and not love unwisely the iridescent pother of words.

## Things Seen.

### Parson's Green.

As I alighted from the train, a girl—demure, quietly dressed, pale—just one of a type, nothing more, made a grab at the carriage. Whereupon I lingered a moment, just to imply (in all men the schoolmaster is engrained) that her feverish haste could expedite her nothing. I alighted, and was gone a dozen paces along the platform when the patter of feet, into which a timid voice broke, arrested me. It was the demure girl. "Your umbrella—," she began, nodding wildly towards the train that had already begun to move. With a fire of thanks I made a dart for the nearest carriage, which, unfortunately, was not the compartment I had occupied. But as my umbrella was not flying away from me, curiosity as to how the kind little lady had fared propelled me, as if shot from a catapult, to the window. Flushed and disconsolate she was standing on the platform. She had lost the train, and I—my umbrella and I—were being whirled away from our comfortable home to—Parson's Green. Surely something was wrong. A kind action, unselfish and unpremeditated, should not cause acute discomfort to two people. I sat down to think it out. The solution became clear: it was due merely to a lack of grey matter—kindness without brains—the cause of much of the friction and many of the disappointments of communal life. If she had thought a moment, how simple was her procedure. She might have called me, she might have tossed the umbrella from the carriage. Instead of which she alighted, full of good intentions, but without the umbrella. "Kindness without brains, kindness without brains," the words buzzed themselves into the rhythmic roar of the train. "And where on earth is Parson's Green?" I asked myself.

### The Candidate.

CURIOSITY sent me last night to that unknown land we call the East End of London. There, an hour before midnight, I came upon a huge, gloomy open space, alive with a swaying mass of men, listening and gazing. They gazed towards a brewer's dray at the far end of the square, upon which a naphtha lamp flamed. The candidate stood against the lamp. His voice was thin and hoarse, like a corn-crake with a cough, and half the notes were stifled before birth. Still he persevered. He stood between me and the naphtha flame, and when he raised his hands to invoke the brooding mass that confronted him the red blood gleamed between his fingers. At intervals his wife handed him a cordial, and, when he had drunk, the flaming naphtha picked out the drops glistening on his beard. His audience was silent and indifferent. The dull and incessant toil of their lives was such that this business of parliamentary representation was too remote to move them. Wars, Australian Federation, grievances of Uitlanders—what were such things to men who were Uitlanders in their own parishes? What was all the big talk of Imperialism to men whose lives were summed up in three words—work, squalor, sleep? Just there and then the moment of insight came to the candidate. Suddenly he broke off in his set harangue. He paused, he threw up his arms in a gesture that embraced the mighty congeries of mean houses and meaner hovels that slunk from the light of day through uncharted miles; he paused, then he spoke, and for these few words the full volume of his voice returned to him. "Men of —," he said, "we 'ear a deal of talk about Africa and China and Australia, but what I say is, 'ow about 'ome sweet 'ome?" Then they awoke, and others surged into the meeting to know what the shouting meant.

## In the Manner of the Amir.

THE instalment of naïve autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, in the first number of *The Monthly Review*, which we commented upon in our issue of September 22, seems to be setting a fashion in literature. So we gather from the brief passages which follow, giving, as Abdur Rahman did, details of daily life. The fact that the contributor from whom the MS. comes vouches for their genuineness leaves us (who know this contributor too well) without any doubt on the matter.

### Mr. Guy Boothby.

As habit is second nature, it has become a habit of mine that even when I am ill, when I cannot move from my bed, I still keep on working as usual at writing new stories. Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to dictate stories, several at a time, to those about me. It is no trouble to me to invent new stories; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired, because I am fond of such labour. There is no doubt that every person has some sort of ambition, and this is my ambition: to have a new story running in all the magazines at once.

The more I see of other writers running fast in the manufacture of books, the less I can rest and sleep; the whole day long I keep thinking how I shall beat Richard Marsh and S. R. Crockett, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not dream about anything but mice; I dream about nothing but the multiplication of new stories.

The following people are always in attendance upon me, from the time that I awake until I go to sleep: Romeik Khurtis (officer who brings me all newspaper cuttings relating to myself), Watto Pinka (literary agent, with whom I consult regularly), Ukhant Seehim (officer who interposes himself between my person and the interviewers, and gives them the required information), six phonograph assistants, six typewriters. There are also body servants, tobacco-bearer, and the keeper of the bulldogs.

### Mr. Joseph Conrad.

It is a curious thing that the harder I work on *Lord Jim* the more anxious I am to continue working, instead of getting tired. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon! *Lord Jim* began as a sketch, but I sometimes think it will go on for ever. It was to run through two numbers of *Blackwood*, and it has now run through ever so many.

To those who would like to know some particulars of my daily life I would say that I have no fixed time for sleeping, nor any definite time for taking my meals; sometimes my meals are kept on the table in front of me for many hours, while I, being absorbed in *Lord Jim*, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning to end *Lord Jim*, that I do not see any of the people who are in my room. Many nights I begin reading the back numbers of *Lord Jim*, and wondering when the thing will stop and how long it would be if it were really a novel and not a sketch; and I do not raise my head until I see that the night is past and the morning has come.

I go on working at *Lord Jim* from morning until evening and from evening until morning like any labourer. I eat when I am hungry; and some days do not remember that I have not eaten my meals—I forget all about it, and ask suddenly, raising my head from writing: "Did I eat my dinner to-day, or not?"

### Mr. Winston Churchill.

I am always ready, as a special correspondent and non-combatant on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of a telegram from the *Morning Post*. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are lying always by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand; and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my residence. I have also ordered that a number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey; but there is a chance that this order may not be carried out. Meanwhile, I have got in for Oldham.

### Mr. Andrew Lang.

My entertainments are very simple: throughout the whole of the time I am working, at intervals of a few minutes after I have finished answering a letter or a piece of work, I stop for a moment and talk with members of the Folklore Society and members of the Society for Psychical Research. The professional cricketers and professional golf players play their games before me; I watch them sometimes, and sometimes I will play myself, though this is not often.

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed; but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some new book, as, for instance, histories, books on geography, biographies, and novels. While he is reading I review them for all the papers. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a new official takes his place and reads the latest minor poetry from presentation volumes. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the reader's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain. It is, I think, the only use of minor poetry. There is another advantage in sleeping through the droning noise of minor poetry read aloud—namely, that one gets accustomed to noise, and I can now sleep soundly in a South-Eastern Railway carriage.

## Correspondence.

### Expression in Poetry.

SIR,—I am a simple person, and although I enjoy reading poetry for myself, I am always pleased to have it explained to me by other people who understand it better; and therefore when I found in the current number of the *National Review* an article by the Rev. H. C. Beeching on "Expression in Poetry" I was very glad. It is so nice to be taken behind the scenes and shown how the effects are produced; and I felt, as I read, something of the pleasure which the frequenters of the Alhambra must derive from the latest exploit of the cinematograph, whereby they are enabled to see the whole of the movements of a celebrated dancer from the moment that she enters at the stage door until she actually bursts from the flies, with all her no longer mysterious preparations completed.

But, sir, I was just at the end of the article—*jam tuta tenebam*—when I was suddenly hurled from this apparently secure vantage point of observation into a positive slough of perplexity, and that by the very hands of the writer himself. Mr. Beeching had approved Milton and Wordsworth, and had disclosed one by one the cosmetics of Tennyson's best make-up. I was about to retire to rest with the conviction that the secret of poetry lay in the proper use of monosyllabic verbs of motion, had not Mr. Beeching—not he unmindful of the pleasant shades of Yattendon, loved of the Muses—felt called upon to add that to Mr. Robert Bridges alone since Tennyson had the proper



use of monosyllabic verbs of motion been vouchsafed; and he proceeded to say that he held Mr. Robert Bridges's representation of "a modern steam-thresher," for instance, to be as near perfection as one could wish; and he went on to quote the following lines:

And from the barn hard by was borne  
A steady muffled din,  
By which we knew that threshed corn  
Was winnowing, and went in.

Now, sir, I have a horrid suspicion that "went" is one of those monosyllabic verbs of motion, and that Mr. Beeching derives a special satisfaction from referring it to the corn going into the machine, whereas it refers to Mr. Bridges and his friends going into the barn. But there is worse to come. Will it be believed that those four lines are not, in truth, any part of any description of a "modern steam-thresher" at all? They come from a very charming poem called "The Winnowers," in the course of which Mr. Bridges is careful to specify the man who turns the handle. There is no threshing, there is no steam; for aught I know the machine may be of great antiquity; and, indeed, in any case a steam-thresher neither looks nor sounds nor smells like a hand-winnowing machine. This is surely very serious; for either there must be something wrong with Mr. Beeching's canons of expression or Mr. Bridges was describing "a modern steam-thresher" all the time, and ought at once to change the title of his poem, and make the man who turns the crank into the man who stokes the fire or the man who oils the wheels or whatever the corresponding occupation may be. Something ought to be done, or what is the humble student in these matters to think?—I am, &c.,

DISCIPULUS.

### Style.

SIR,—As the improvement of style has occupied the columns of your paper for some weeks past; I think the following extract from the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin will add some interest to that subject:

I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavoured to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

Whether this method is worthy of imitation or not, I leave it to the reader's estimation.—I am, &c.,

Cork: September 25, 1900. HUGH W. FLANAGIN.

### Education and Family History.

SIR,—In this great day of education, with the present century shortly drawing to its close, permit me, as one who has had some experience in the study of human pedigree, to call attention in your columns to what appears to me a subject sadly lost sight of in the past, and which, I trust, will claim at least some position in the code of education in the future. I refer to the study of family history and pedigree, with due consideration and analysis of their influences and bearings. This, surely, should not be a mere personal or private matter. It is a subject of the highest and widest order; of the utmost importance to the nation and to the world at large, but the utter indifference and ignorance of the subject are really surprising. A large amount of time and attention are given to the investigation of beings and objects of centuries ago, and the utmost care and scrutiny bestowed upon tracing the history and pedigree of the dog, horse, or cow, while the human animal upon which so much depends is entirely forgotten. Even in the all-important subject of marriage, it is a matter of pounds rather than of pedigree, the latter being almost completely ignored save so far, perhaps, as outward appearances and position are concerned. Knowledge is power, and the proper study of mankind is man, and this study should begin at home; the study is invaluable, showing as it does the why and the wherefore of certain effects, what to stimulate and what to avoid, and if reduced to a science endless physical and mental mistakes might be avoided. Man is a bundle of habits, and these are traced down from one generation to another, and no knowledge is of such vital importance to the human race as the careful analysis and understanding of the laws of pedigree. Lunacy is proved to be largely increasing, and no wonder when such ignorance prevails; the very keystone to its prevention and treatment is to be found in this study and in this study alone. The very gist of success depends upon detection of the real cause. What is born in the bone need not come out in the flesh. I know as a fact that members of certain families have been plunged generation after generation into helpless lunacy—every case of which might have been absolutely avoided had their first indications of eccentricity been attributed to their true causes, and, by skilful manipulation, diverted in their courses and nipped in the bud. The weak points have been clearly brought to light, when, alas! it has been too late, upon simple investigation of early pedigree and history, but from lack of knowledge of the true causes the axe has never been laid to the root of the evil. I repeat that the most mysterious mental and physical complications which have puzzled alike parson, philosopher, and physician, have been made as clear as the sun at noon-day when viewed by the penetrating Röntgen Rays of family history. I maintain that this study duly considered may become one of the mightiest levers for the development and improvement of the human race. It is never too late to mend, and if we have to remain largely in the dark from lack of adequate statistics in the past, we may at least help future generations by a better education upon the subject, thus handing down for the guidance of our progeny some intelligent basis for the delineation of their family history, with its particular characteristics and proclivities.—I am, &c.,

T. THATCHER.

44, College Green, Bristol.

### Mr. Murray Gilchrist.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Gilchrist's latest book in your last issue inadvertently suggests that this graceful writer is now adventuring for the first time on a long novel. Perhaps he is better known as a writer of short stories; but he published a novel, entitled *Willowbrake*, some time ago with Messrs. Methuen & Co. which was decidedly above the ordinary run of such things, and was,

I think—I speak from memory only—applauded by the ACADEMY, as well as other organs of literary opinion which grind less readily and, perhaps, more steadily than the daily press.—I am, &c.,

VERNON RENDALL.

123, Gower-street, W.C.: October 3, 1900.

### A Word to an Editor.

SIR,—That same work of reference to which you refer on p. 267 of this week's ACADEMY makes a still more singular blunder in the case of W. L. Murdoch. This world-renowned cricketer is stated to have been born in 1885, and to have come over with the first Australian Eleven in 1878.

R. T.

September 29, 1900.

### "Cold" or "Pure"?

SIR,—Mr. Colvin, in his *Life of Keats*, thus quotes the last sonnet:

The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores.

Is there any authority for the word "cold"? It sent a chill through me. "Pure" is the word that I find in the text.—I am, &c.,

JOHN B. TABB.

St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md.:

September 24th, 1900.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 54 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best address to the electors of Bookland. We award the prize to Mr. Archibald Gibbs, 2, Lynton Place, Cheltenham, for the following:

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to offer my candidature for your acceptance. If elected to sit in the Mother of Parliaments, I shall do my utmost to forward, in a general sense, the interests of Literature and Literary People, but more particularly I shall concern myself with—

(A) A reform in the present unsatisfactory legislation governing Copyright, by which rascally, foreign Barabbases—to speak Byronically—are able to pirate an author's work and render him absurd and inferior into the bargain.

(B) I shall concern myself with endeavouring to improve the status of the journalist (journeyman and freelance) who has now become such a power in the land. Journalism ought, I conceive, to be regarded as a liberal profession, and the Institute of Journalists endowed with similar powers of examination, emoluments, cashiering, &c., as the Incorporated Law Society.

(C) I shall concern myself with an alteration of the present condition of things relating to the Poet Laureateship. I consider, gentlemen, that the time has come either for this office to be abolished or that distinguished prose authors should be equally eligible with bards for laureation.

(D) And finally, I shall concern myself with an alteration of the law relating to libel, with a view of affording more protection than is at present the case to respectable newspaper proprietors from adventurers and men of straw who seek notoriety. I shall feel myself more particularly nerved to action when I recall the views on this matter held by so great an authority as the late Lord Russell.

These seem the salient points for our consideration.

I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
ARTHUR PENDENNIS, JUN.

Other replies are as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—I stand before you as the embodiment of your yearning. Let me not be misunderstood. You, citizens of Bookland, have long yearned for a representative to guard your interests, and air your grievances. Until now your yearning has assumed no concrete form. Gentlemen, I am the "concrete form, I am the embodiment of your yearning, I address you as a brother. My name is not unknown in Bookland. I am one of you. Your pains my pains; your triumphs, my triumphs.

By the activity of your brains, by the enormous output of intellect, fluent and unflagging, by which you earn your bread, you are, consciously or unconsciously, the moulders of public opinion. Yet you have no representative! Is it not strange that public opinion should go unrepresented?

I venture to assert that your intellects and mine would constitute a dominant force in modern affairs. Will you throw your combined grievances into the expanded end of a funnel, as it were, so that a steadier and more concentrated expression of them may issue from the narrow end? Will you elect me your funnel?

Beyond being a general champion of the aspirations of the enlightened persons whom I am privileged to address, I may state that the principal planks in my platform are:—

(A) The total reinstatement of the Minor Poet.

(B) The absolute annihilation of Barabbas in favour of a "Combined Authors' Publishing House," engineered solely by authors, with myself at the head.

(C) Drinks, at the expense of the Government, for inspiring purposes.

These, gentlemen, are my main planks, combined with, I repeat, a general appreciation of your wants—and mine. It remains with you to do your duty. Will you do it? [H. A. M., London.]

GENTLEMEN,—Parliament having been dissolved, I beg to submit myself, at the request of the Literary Council, as candidate for the representation of this division in the House of Commons.

Amongst the questions by which we are at present affected perhaps the first place must be given to the price of fiction. Many have considered the six-shilling novel as most unsatisfactory, and reforms have been attempted, only to result in failure. I shall give my most strenuous support to a price upon which author, publisher, bookseller, and the reading public shall substantially agree.

I advocate the repeal of the Public Libraries Act. It is unfair that that portion of the public, uninterested in literature, should submit to taxation for the benefit of that portion therein interested; and the rural districts, where the Act is not practicable, afford sufficient proof of its undesirability, for although the communities are poorer, no one objects to an expense by which he alone must benefit. I also object to an Act which will ultimately end the useful and honourable career of the bookseller and threaten the publisher with ruin. I would not allow any trademen, other than the bookseller, the liberty to sell books. This would mean the extinction of the piratical publisher, and the end of the cheap and nasty editions sold in drapers' establishments.

I would not have fiction debased by questions of a theological or sexual nature; and I deplore the influence of those sensation-mongers who have now a terrible notoriety, but no true eminence.

I am in favour of greater reforms in the laws of international copyright; of placing a needed restriction on the output of minor poetry; and of submitting the election of poet laureate to yourselves.

I am, gentlemen, yours obediently,

GENTLE READER.  
[A. H., Durham.]

Replies also received from: M. A. W., London; J. L. C., London; V. E. J., Stratford-on-Avon; K. E. T., Bristol; T. C. Buxted; J. D. A., Ealing; C. D. F., Liverpool; F. W. S., London; J. R. W., Worcester; H. W. D., South Tottenham; L. K., London; "A. Dun-derhead."

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Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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